

NEW YORK Saturday STAR A POPULAR PAPER

NEW YORK SATURDAY NEW YORK SATURDAY Pleasure & Prosperity

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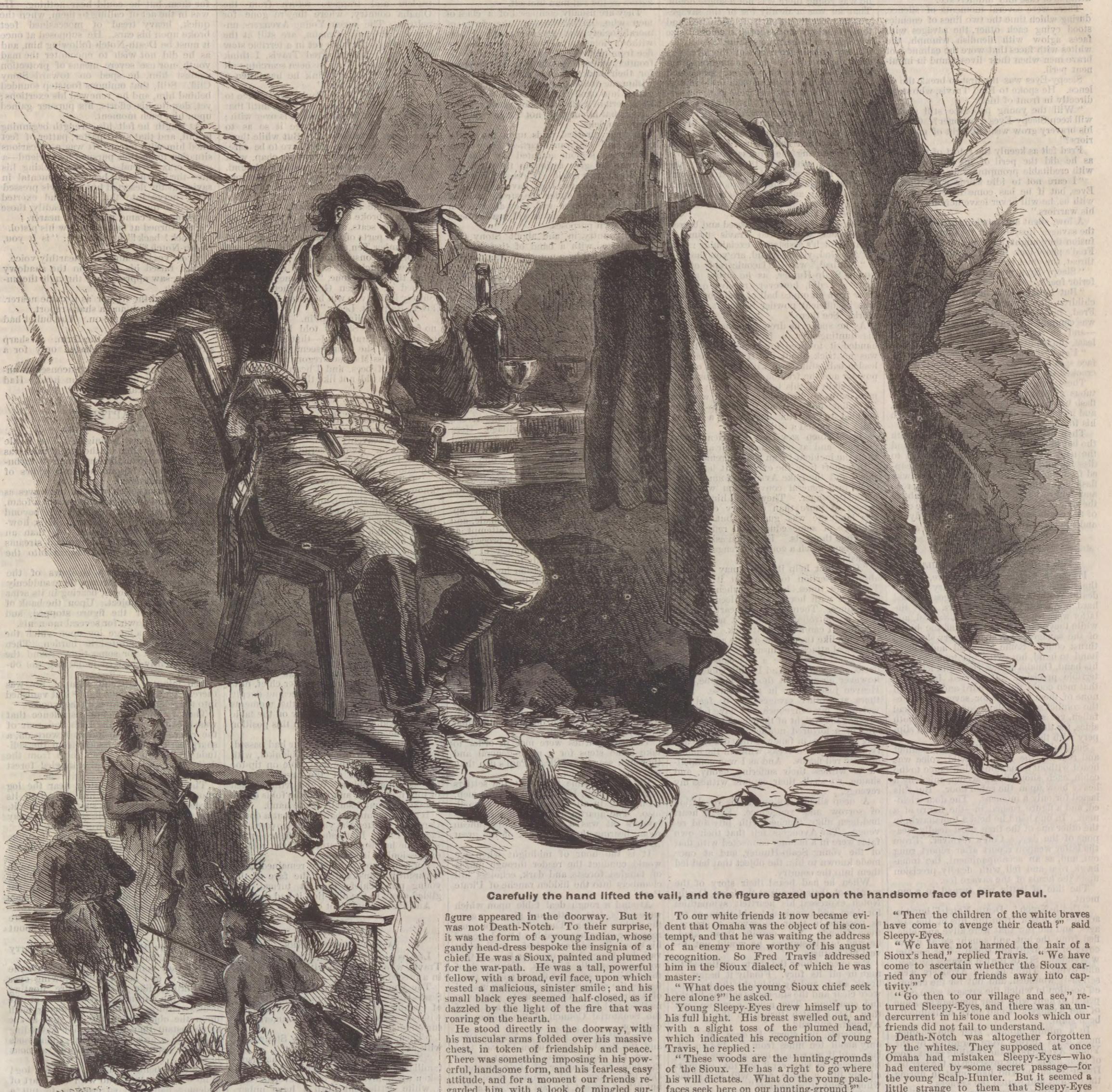
Vol. III.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams, PUBLISHERS,
David Adams.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE

No. 137



Carefully the hand lifted the vail, and the figure gazed upon the handsome face of Pirate Paul.

figure appeared in the doorway. But it was not Death-Notch. To their surprise, it was the form of a young Indian, whose gaudy head-dress bespoke the insignia of a chief. He was a Sioux, painted and plumed for the war-path. He was a tall, powerful fellow, with a broad, evil face, upon which rested a malicious, sinister smile; and his small black eyes seemed half-closed, as if dazzled by the light of the fire that was roaring on the hearth.

He stood directly in the doorway, with his muscular arms folded over his massive chest, in token of friendship and peace. There was something imposing in his powerful, handsome form, and his fearless, easy attitude, and for a moment our friends regarded him with a look of mingled surprise and admiration.

Then the hand of Omaha was seen to steal slowly toward his girdle, and a cloud of scorn and indignation to settle upon his dusky face. Then his lips were seen to part, and with all the disdain and insult which he could throw into his tone, he asked:

"Ugh! what does young Sleepy-Eyes, the dog of a Sioux, want here?"

"Scalps!" was the prompt and laconic reply of the haughty young chief, as a grim smile swept over his broad, sensual face.

The hands of our young friends quickly flew to their belts; but, despite this hostile manifestation, young Sleepy-Eyes never moved a muscle, but seemed to be totally oblivious to the movement.

Omaha's native vindictiveness was beginning to rise to a point almost beyond restraint.

"Let the friends of Omaha," he said, addressing his friends, "look upon Sleepy-Eyes, the murderer of their friends, and say whether he shall stand there and defiantly tell us he is here for scalps."

Still Sleepy-Eyes never moved a muscle, but retained his silent, disdainful attitude.

To our white friends it now became evident that Omaha was the object of his contempt, and that he was waiting the address of an enemy more worthy of his august recognition. So Fred Travis addressed him in the Sioux dialect, of which he was master:

"What does the young Sioux chief seek here alone?" he asked.

Young Sleepy-Eyes drew himself up to his full height. His breast swelled out, and with a slight toss of the plumed head, which indicated his recognition of young Travis, he replied:

"These woods are the hunting-grounds of the Sioux. He has a right to go where his will dictates. What do the young pale-faces seek here on our hunting-ground?"

"Shelter from the storm was the object that brought us to this cabin," replied Fred, evasively.

"But you carry arms," said the chief, glancing at their rifles leaning against the wall, "and a dog of an Omaha keeps you company."

A fierce, revengeful light shot from the eyes of Omaha. His fingers tightened upon the haft of his tomahawk, and bent for the look which Fred gave him; he would have struck the chief down. He had learned forbearance of the white man; and, turning on his heel with a contemptuous smile, walked away. But of all this the young chief seemed totally unconscious, showing with what contempt an Indian regards an enemy of his own race.

"Omaha," said Travis, "is our friend and guide."

"But why do the young white braves wander so far from the lodges of their fathers?"

"Go ask the waters of Okibogi and Spirit lakes. Listen to the winds whispering to the forest-leaves of what they saw when the Sioux and Dacotahs were there. Our fathers are dead, and their wigwams are in ashes."

"Then the children of the white braves have come to avenge their death?" said Sleepy-Eyes.

"We have not harmed the hair of a Sioux's head," replied Travis. "We have come to ascertain whether the Sioux carried any of our friends away into captivity."

"Go then to our village and see," returned Sleepy-Eyes, and there was an uncurdcent in his tone and looks which our friends did not fail to understand.

Death-Notch was altogether forgotten by the whites. They supposed at once Omaha had mistaken Sleepy-Eyes—who had entered by some secret passage—for the young Scalp-Hunter. But it seemed a little strange to them that Sleepy-Eyes should appear so overbearing and insolent, unless it was a vail to conceal his savage fears.

The storm without was growing fiercer each moment. Drops of rain, mingled with hail, had begun to fall in a sullen and continuous roar upon the roof.

"Perhaps," said young Travis, determined to show the chief no favors, "you can tell us whether you have any of our friends captives, or not?"

"And if I refuse, what then?" asked the chief.

"We will be compelled to detain you a prisoner until you give us the desired information, or exchange you, should we find any of our friends are captives."

A scornful smile convulsed the bronzed, sensual face of the young chief. He made no reply to Travis' remarks, but stepped to one side from the passage. Then what was our young friends' surprise to see a second Indian appear in the doorway, from the shadows of the adjacent room.

A dark suspicion rushed suddenly across our young friends' minds, and that suspicion was soon verified when they saw this second savage step aside and a third one appear, followed by a fourth, fifth, and so

DEATH-NOTCH, THE DESTROYER: OR THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.

BY OLL COOMES.

Author of "Hawkeye Harry," "Boy Spy," "Iron-sides, the Scout," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

to face with the dreaded young Scalp-Hunter.

But while they thus stood with their eyes fixed upon the door, they were startled by a sound in the adjoining room. It was a dull, sudden sound, like that which would be produced by the fall of a heavy body. They fixed their eyes upon the partition door, then glanced from one to the other interrogatively.

Had Death-Notch entered the door by a secret passage? Who knew but that cabin was his own obscure retreat?

Scarcely had these questions formed in the minds of the Young Avengers when a

on, until ten grim and hideous Indian warriors stood before them, tomahawk in hand!

Fred now knew the cause of the chief's insolence, and realized what a terrible blunder they had committed.

Without a doubt the cunning Sioux had ensconced themselves in the dark loft, or adjacent room, before they had entered the cabin, and yet with such cunning and caution that not the least sign of their presence had been discovered by the keen, watchful eyes of Omaha.

An indiscriminate massacre now seemed imminent. The young men had laid aside most of their weapons, and one movement toward their recovery would be the signal for the Indians to strike. In the breast pocket of his hunting-shirt, however, Fred Travis carried a small pistol, and in order to get hold of it without awakening suspicion, he calmly folded his arms across his breast, permitting his hand to slip into his pocket as he did so.

At the same instant the same thought seemed to have inspired his companions, and instead of manifesting a fear corresponding with their danger, they assumed an attitude of ease and indifference.

There were several moments of silence, during which time the two lines of enemies stood eying each other, the savages with faces aglow with fiendish triumph, the whites with faces that wore the calmness of brave men when their lives stand in imminent peril.

Sleepy-Eyes was the first to break the silence. He spoke to Fred Travis, who stood directly in front of him.

"Will the young pale-face still say he will keep Sleepy-Eyes a prisoner? Or does his bravery grow weak at sight of my warriors?"

Fred felt as keenly the retort of the chief as he did the peril of his situation; but with creditable promptness he replied:

"I care not to idle words with Sleepy-Eyes, but if he has come here to quarrel with us, he will never leave here alive with his warriors."

A low, silent and mocking laugh escaped the savages' lips, and but for this slight confusion they might have heard the click of Fred's pistol-lock in his bosom; but to his threat, the chief retorted:

"Sleepy-Eyes quarrels not with an inferior foe."

"But he will scalp innocent women and children, like a sneaking coward," replied Fred, indignantly. The youth saw what was coming—that a conflict was inevitable—and he resolved to resent in words, at least, the insults of the subtle savage.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the chief. "The pale-face speaks now like a weak squaw—with a crooked tongue."

These were the last words the contemptuous chief ever uttered. There was a flash before his eyes, the crack of a pistol, and he fell dead with a bullet-hole through his forehead.

Then arose a savage yell, mingled with the battle-cry of the Young Avengers, and the next instant the two lines seemed to dissolve into one. Knives and pistols leaped from their concealments, and tomahawks flashed in the light of the fire as they rose and fell through the air; and high above the roar of the storm without, rung the cries of the combatants, the shrieks of the dying, and the clash of steel.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONFLICT AND ITS RESULT.

It was a fearful moment there, within the deserted hut. Stung to fury by the death of their chief, the savages pressed hard upon the Young Avengers. But the latter were trained, strong and skillful, and while they managed to ward off the blows of the savages, they made every shot and thrust count. Some grappled and fought hand to hand, but, with his tomahawk in his hand, Omaha struck right and left with terrible precision. It seemed impossible that men could fight so hard and long, and none of them fell, but for several minutes the conflict seemed about equal. None had fallen, yet several were wounded on both sides, for the floor was getting wet and slippery with their blood.

Suddenly, above the din of the conflict and roar of the storm, a wild voice was heard without demanding admittance to the cabin, each shout being accompanied by a heavy blow upon the cabin door. But this lasted for only a moment. The door yielded, and a figure rushed in—the figure of a man. In one hand he held a tomahawk, in the other one of the then most deadly weapons of the day, a Colt's revolver. From the latter weapon report after report rung out, and, as an accompaniment, the tomahawk rose and fell with deadly precision upon the heads of the savage foe.

The tide of battle was turned in a moment.

"Death-Notch! Death-Notch!" burst in accents of terror from the lips of the savages, and the few that were alive and able, fled from the hut, and sought safety under cover of the night and storm. The conflict was over. Six of the ten savages lay dead and dying. Three of the Avengers were seriously wounded, and but for the cramped position in which the savages were compelled to fight with their tomahawks, some of the Avengers would have undoubtedly been slain.

In a minute, almost, after the conflict, most of its horrors were forgotten by the Young Avengers, in the startling realization of their being in the presence of the terrible Death-Notch, he who had burst in during the conflict and routed the savages.

"Not a little surprised were our friends to see that the young Scalp-Hunter was of about medium size, and wore a regular hunting-garb of buck-skin. His head-gear, however, was quite a novelty. It was a steel cap, not altogether unlike the morion worn by the warriors of the middle ages. To this cap was attached a beaver which entirely concealed the face. But masses of long, rippling black hair fell down his back, and black, fiery eyes gleamed through the holes of his mask.

Fred Travis' mind at once reverted to the youthful horseman he had seen that day in the forest—the same whom Omaha had said was Death-Notch, and whom he had said was a female. The being before him seemed larger than the horseman; but then he was dressed differently. And there was that same wealth of raven tresses, regal head and swelling chest. But were they one and the same person?

Our young friends seeing that he offered them no violence—in fact, had proven a friend in the most dangerous moment of their lives—supposed at once that he was some eccentric being, more daring than wise.

Fred Travis was the first to speak.

"Your coming was very opportune."

"Glad to hear it," said the stranger, in a tone that was soft and musical as a woman's. "But then you were pressing the red devils closely, my young friends."

"Pardon me, but may I ask who you are?"

The masked avenger made no reply, but raising aloft his tomahawk, he struck the wall twice with its keen edge, and chipped off a small notch thereon.

"Do you understand that?" he asked.

"It is the *death-notch* of the young Scalp-Hunter!"

"As such I am known," replied the avenger, "though I hope I am not as terrible a creature to you as I am reputed to be to the whites. The whites are my own race and friends; but the Sioux—curse them!—I am mad-crazy with hatred and vengeance toward them!"

The young Scalp-Hunter did not remove his mask, but passed his hand over it occasionally, to see that no part of his face was exposed.

But, despite this eccentricity, the Young Avengers became decidedly easy over the true character of Death-Notch. That he was young there was not a single doubt.

That he was a deadly foe of the savages was no more than they had anticipated, and those fabulous stories of his colossal size were proven to be "moonshine."

A cry of pain from one of the Avengers drew the attention of his companions from Death-Notch, and they at once proceeded to ascertain the extent of each one's injury, and dress the wounds as well as their surgical skill would admit. In this they were assisted by the young Scalp-Hunter, who showed that he had a heart capable of the tenderest of human sympathies.

The wounded being cared for, the band began removing the lifeless savages from the cabin; and while this engaged, the crack of a rifle was suddenly heard without. A bullet whizzed into the room through the open door, and Death-Notch was heard to utter a low, quick gasp, and was seen to stagger and sink to his knees.

The country in and about Stony Cliff was infested with a band of these prairie freebooters, led by a notorious scamp called Pirate Paul.

The depredations of this band had been less frequent at Stony Cliff than other settlements along the river below, and for over a year Pirate Paul had roamed over a goodly portion of the western territory, creating as much fear and excitement, almost, among the settlers as Inkpaducah and his host.

Now, Finchley," said the robber chief, when they were alone, "tell me what you learned of Sylveen Gray—whether Scott Shirely is likely to win her from her robber-lover, Ralph St. Leger."

"It's hard tellin', cap'tin. Miss Gray is no fool. True, Shirely told her that *you*, cap'tin, war Pirate Paul—that is, Ralph St. Leger; but she don't seem to believe it. She and Miss Martha Gregory are thick as a swarm of bees, and I heard Martha tell her that she did not like the looks of Scott Shirely."

"What kind of a looking girl is that Gregory?"

"Young—about twenty. She's handsome, and got sweet blue eyes, pretty ripe lips, and a heavenly form."

"Quite a vivid description," laughed Pirate Paul; "but what seems to be her objection to Shirely?"

"Don't know. Acts as though she's known him before."

Pirate Paul started, and Finchley noticed that he became uneasy.

"Finchley," he at length said, "I want you to keep a close watch upon the movements of that girl. She may be an enemy of mine, and attempt to defeat my meetings with Sylveen Gray. If I find that such is the case, then will I do what I have long contemplated: carry Sylveen away by force, and compel her to wed me."

"I'll keep a watch out, Capt'in Ralph," returned the robber-spy.

"Then hasten back to the Cliff, and apprise me from time to time of the movements of the settlers."

"All square, Cap. Good-night," replied the spy; and rising from his seat, he glided away through the cavern like an eel.

Pirate Paul, the young robber chief, now sat alone, and he at once became deeply absorbed in thought. As the moments wore on, he rested his elbow on the table and his head on his palm. In this position he fell asleep.

Something like half an hour had passed, when a figure wrapped in a blanket, with a white vail over the face, stole on tip-toe from the shadows of the cavern toward the sleeping robber. When within reach of him it stopped, and from the folds of the blanket put out a small, white hand.

It was a woman's hand, without a doubt. Carefully it lifted the vail that covered the face of Pirate Paul, and the figure gazed upon the handsome features of the robber, expressionless in slumber.

For a moment the figure remained thus, apparently transfixed by the face of the young pirate-chief; then it turned, and glided away in the direction it had come.

And Pirate Paul slept on.

"Not a bit o' it," growled Thirteen, "for he's comin' this blessed minit."

Meanwhile they were startled by what seemed to be the report of a pistol. The sound was behind, though some distance away.

There was something singular about Fred's absence and about that shot. What did it all mean? Surely they had not got into trouble with a band of skulking Indians, or other sounds would have been heard. Was it possible that Death-Notch had dealt foully with Fred?

The Avengers sent Omaha back to investigate. But he soon returned and Fred was not with him. His face wore a clouded expression that spoke louder than words to his companions:

Fred Travis could not be found!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HIDDEN RANCH.

For more than a century past, white renegades, outlaws and prairie pirates have been one of the most active elements of evil on the frontiers, and have been almost as detrimental to the advancement of civilization as the red-man himself.

They are usually composed of a class of men who, having become the dregs of moral society and not being able to live without violating the laws of their country, flee from the vengeance of that law to the frontier, where they can have ample scope for their wicked inclinations. And here, within the dominions of the red-man, they gather into bands, and although there may be a certain code of honor among them, that honor does not extend beyond their own dens.

In their piratical raids upon the settlements and emigrant parties, these freebooters are seldom actuated by cupidity, but more to give action to their reckless and destructive spirit. If pressed hard or likely to be caught, they have a welcome resort of safety under the strong arm of the red-skins, whose will they always aim to keep so pliable that it will readily bend to their own purposes.

The country in and about Stony Cliff is infested with a band of these prairie freebooters, led by a notorious scamp called Pirate Paul and Number Ten, however, still remained in a private consultation.

"Now, Finchley," said the robber chief, when they were alone, "tell me what you learned of Sylveen Gray—whether Scott Shirely is likely to win her from her robber-lover, Ralph St. Leger."

"It's hard tellin', cap'tin. Miss Gray is no fool. True, Shirely told her that *you*, cap'tin, war Pirate Paul—that is, Ralph St. Leger; but she don't seem to believe it. She and Miss Martha Gregory are thick as a swarm of bees, and I heard Martha tell her that she did not like the looks of Scott Shirely."

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And Pirate Paul slept on.

"But, Death-Notch, let me stay and take care of you."

"Ho! ho! a legion of demons couldn't hold me. You have been with me already too long. When I am away from all white faces, save *hers*, then I am human, unless a savage is about. But faces that are white and voices like my own recall days that are gone—they excite me—put that awful devil in my heart! Go, Travis, go, go, go!"

Filled with that species of terror which one experiences when in the presence of a madman, Fred, in obedience to the strange youth's request, turned and pushed rapidly on in pursuit of his friends; though he was loth to leave the mysterious Death-Notch alone, for fear harm would befall him while laboring under his violent attack of madness.

During his holt with the youth, Fred had permitted quite a distance to grow between him and his friends; and now, as he fled onward from the mad Death-Notch, he suddenly became aware that he was off their trail. Still he pressed on, in hopes of coming up with them soon; but in this he was disappointed. He stopped and listened for them, but he could hear nothing. He was in the act of calling to them, when the quick, heavy tread of moccasined feet broke upon his ears. He supposed at once it must be Death-Notch following him, and as he did not wish to encounter the mad youth, nor use severe means of protection against him, he sped on toward Stony Cliff.

Still, that ominous footstep sounded behind him, and he renewed his exertions; yet, despite his efforts, his pursuer gained upon him each moment.

At length he felt his strength beginning to fail, and that swift patter, patter of feet filled him with terror.

It was a precarious situation to be thus pursued by a friend—a mad, crazy friend—who was seeking his life—the life he had been instrumental in saving at the deserted hut. Travis pressed every nerve into the effort, and exerted himself to the utmost. But, steadily, those pursuing feet came nearer and nearer.

Fred turned at last, and drew his pistol.

"Back! back!" he shouted; "is it you, Death-Notch?"

"Yes! yes!" echoed an unearthly voice.

Fred raised his pistol on the shadowy form he saw approaching through the undergrowth.

He pressed the trigger as it came nearer. There was a flash and a sharp report.

Still the figure came on. The bullet had missed its mark.

Fred grappled with the form. A sharp struggle ensued, but it lasted only for a moment.

Then young Travis sunk unconscious under a crushing blow upon the head. Had Death-Notch dealt that blow?

CHAPTER X.

A MIDNIGHT DRAMA.

The hour was midnight. The Little Sioux river, swollen by the recent rain, was pluming madly on, bearing upon its turbulent, throbbing bosom immense bodies of driftwood and debris.

There was a sullen roar of the waves as they beat and churning themselves to a foam, in their mad endeavors to break beyond the confines of their channel. This, however, they will soon do—in less than an hour—when the little, overgrown streams have poured their united mites into the roaring river.

From the deep shadows of the woods bordering the stream, there suddenly emerged a human form, bearing in its arms a heavy, lifeless object. Upon the bank of the angry river the figure stopped, and gazed up and down for several moments.

Hard by lay a

But hark! what thunderous noise? It comes like the booming roar of breakers dashing over a stony reef. It is water! The swollen waves of the river have broken from its banks, and are sweeping madly along the shore in one mighty, resistless flood, bearing every thing along before it.

The wolves utter a cry of affright. They turn from the object of their banquet to flee. But they are too late. The flood grasps them up in its strong embrace, and they are carried away on its foaming bosom. But they are not alone. In their midst, tossing and rolling upon the torrent, is that human form still lashed to the log. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 132.)

The Red Scorpion!

THE BEAUTIFUL PHANTOM.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRES-
CENT," "HOODWINKED," "HERCULES, THE
HUMBOBAC," "PEARL OF PEARLS,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

KARL KURTZ had gone to the city of L., and Carew believed that the object of his visit was to arrange for the transfer of the property.

As an act of policy, he had not insisted on his first demand, which was to have Kurtz attend to this matter on the day following his arrival at Birdwood. Eddy's death had made the agonized father plead for time to recover from the shock of so terrible a loss, which was granted.

Now, however, the relentless villain was pricked by the uncertainty of delay, and, therefore, determined that nothing further should interfere with his plans.

But Vincent Carew was dealing with a man who, naturally shrewd, was now twice cunning in his desperate brain-taxing for means to defeat the projects of his enemy.

While he was not less humble, cringing, submissive before the one who crushed him under the iron heel of mastery, he had resolved upon a course by which to sweep this dreaded being from his path.

Ostensibly, his visit to the city was to do as he had been ordered. When he returned to Birdwood, he found Vincent Carew seated on one of the iron settees upon the lawn, glancing over the columns of a newspaper.

"Ho, there! Say, Vincent Carew! he called from the piazza, and his voice savored much of his old bluntness of humor.

Carew approached.

"Well, sir, what about the deeds?" was his immediate question.

"Do you want everybody in the house to know our business, ha?" and he continued; "Come inside, sir—up stairs to my library, and we'll talk this over," saying which, he started to ascend the staircase.

Carew followed.

"Now, then," said Kurtz, by way of opening, when they were alone.

"You have fixed it all up?"

"No, I haven't fixed it all up."

"How?" frowning. "What do you mean?"

"Mean what I say, sir. How am I going to fit things when they can't be fixed, ha?"

"No trifling with me, Mark Drael," Carew said, sternly. "Why have you failed to do as I ordered?"

"Because I could not help it."

"Explain, then."

"My lawyer says it can't be done on such short notice."

"Ridiculous! Get another lawyer. This must be adjusted at once."

"I have told him exactly what to do, and he now has it in hand."

"How long does he want?"

"Four days."

"I shall not wait four days," Vincent Carew spoke decisively.

"He is at work now; and you wouldn't have me take it away from him?"

Carew thought a moment; then he said:

"If I thought you were trifling—"

"I am not trifling. Every thing is being attended to as you wish. You'll find me in earnest," and he added, mentally: "Yes, more in earnest than you dream of! You'll be out of my way before the deeds are complete, unless Satan aids you, in escaping me."

"So be it. I suppose I must wait. A day or two will make but little difference. Now—the money." His face was gloomy as a rain-cloud at midday.

"That is all right. Here is a check on my bank for the amount you named. You can draw and deposit it yourself."

Kurtz handed him a check for fifty thousand dollars. He certainly met that demand promptly.

"As this is all for the present, I'll leave you."

Carew would have gone out, but Kurtz detained him.

"Stop. I had forgotten one thing, Vincent Carew. About Lorilyn."

"Well, what of her?"

"She does not like you."

"I know that, and—care not. She shall be my wife. I have spoken to her of my intentions, and been repulsed. See to it."

"I can not do it, sir."

"What!" the exclamation was sharp and grating.

"I say I can not do it. Lorilyn does not like you, and I am not going to force her into such a distasteful union."

There was that in this speech which, for a moment, astounded Vincent Carew. He seemed unable to comprehend. Then he caught in the words a latent defiance, a spirit that meant to combat his schemes, a refusal to act.

"Beware, Mark Drael!" he hissed.

"Now, let me reason," returned Karl Kurtz. "I think too much of Lorilyn to sacrifice her in this way."

"Beware!" came like the warning of a rattlesnake from Carew's lips.

Kurtz was, indeed, braving a deadly serpent.

"If you can persuade her to marry you, well and good; only, I will be greatly surprised if you meet with that success."

"Mark Drael, have you cast aside your senses? Do not tempt me too far, or, by the Eternal! I will bring down destruction on your head. You will do as I—"

"No, I shall not."

How this man, whom he so completely held in his power, dared to refuse obedience, baffled his penetrating abilities. As he began to understand that Kurtz was serious, the anger of a demon rose within his heart, and he cried:

"Mark Drael, is this a defiance?"
"No, not a defiance; but I mean to save Lorilyn. You may take my money, my estate. Vincent Carew, and, old as I am, I will go out into the world and begin again, the battle of life."

"I could take all you have, anyhow! It will not suffice. I must have her!"

"I deeply wronged her mother, Vincent Carew, and, to atone, I have learned myself to love Lorilyn St. Clair, as if she was my own child. She shall not be forced to do anything, even to save me. You may do your worst—I have made up my mind to save her!"

"Enough. Hear, now! the law shall be put upon your track! Detectives are yet on the alert to cage the murderer of Herod De Wynn. They will welcome any assistance. I have the dying confession of Antoine Martinet, which shall convict you. You shall go to prison!" Next comes the trial! After that—for you will be proven guilty as the instigator—perhaps, will be the gallows; or, say imprisonment till those limbs are bent and cramped and aching! And while you are thus suffering, you may think of Lorilyn—think of her as a prisoner in this house, where I will be; and if she is not my wife, she will beg as a mercy to become such! Ha! ha! Tremble, Mark Drael! Tremble! This is a life duel, with keener weapons than those of lead and steel!" and Carew, having delivered these wrathful threats, strode from the room, muttering to himself as he went:

"Yes, and I'll do more! I said the end of shade was not yet at Birdwood, if you tempted me! I'll keep my word! Another twenty-four hours will cast a second death-pall over this house! Ha! ha!"

Like the chuckle of a fiend came the low laugh; like the orbs of a basilisk shone the gray eyes as he hurried away.

In the hall below he met Dyke Rouel.

"Have you fed it to-day?" he asked, merrily.

"Yes, maester."

"Good. And you put on the usual quantity of drops?"

"Guard it well, Dyke—guard it well."

"I say, maester—" Dyke detained him as he was moving past.

"Well?"

"It's all fixed."

"Ah, the duel?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"To-night at twelve, maester."

"Where? The weapons?"

"Over there in that grove—" Dyke pointed through the side-door; "and it's to be with pistols. Say, maester; I wouldn't fight him, if I was you; indeed I wouldn't just think—why, you might get shot!"

"Bab!" Carew turned away from him.

Considering how great was the hold of Vincent Carew on Karl Kurtz, it may appear singular that the latter should be so indifferent to the threats of the former.

But Kurtz had very plausible reasons for his behavior. First, he loved Lorilyn, and was endeavoring, in that love, to atone for some deep wrong he had done her mother in years gone by. He would not sacrifice her to a man of Carew's nature, the consequences what they might. Second—and the security he felt in refusing to assist Carew in his suit—he possessed the drug purchased of Cale Fez, and had decided to begin administering it at once. Three days would do the deed that was to free him of a curseful presence; and in three days he argued that Carew could scarce accomplish much against him.

He little imagined, however, the blow about to be aimed at him; he did not think to what act Carew's anger would tend, or he might have trod his ground with greater caution, might have pursued a different course, in order not to arouse the devilish vengeance that lurked, like a magazine of bitter spleen, in the dark soul of the man he braved.

As Dyke stood in the entry, lawyer Gimp came out of the parlor and addressed him with:

"See here, my fellow; didn't Mr. Kurtz come in just now?"

"My name's Dyke Rouel, sir," whined Rouel, as he twisted his eyebrows in a comical manner.

"Oh, 'is, 'is? Now, I didn't ask you what your name was. I want to know if you saw Mr. Kurtz come in?"

"I—I think I did, sir."

"You think you did?"

"Yes, sir."

"Huh!" and with this rather undecipherable grunt, Thaddeus Gimp ascended the staircase. He desired to see Kurtz again; the servant, who, grieved by curiosity, were crowding closer around him.

They departed; husband and wife were alone.

"You must be mistaken. It was a dream."

"And I am sure I saw a man stand there!" pointing toward the table. "When I retired, the lamp was burning; as I awoke, it was extinguished by some one! Karl! Karl! oh! don't leave me alone again to-night!"

The terror had fastened upon her; she could not shake it off.

"I will not, Arline, wife; I shall remain here. But, calm yourself. It was only a nightmare."

"No—no," she said, pressing a hand to her eyes. "It could not have been that; it was real!"

"Come—begone!"

Kurtz addressed the servants, who, governed by curiosity, were crowding closer around him.

Carew stood; husband and wife were alone.

Calm by his gentle reasonings and soothing words, she soon again fell asleep, and he sat watching by her side.

While sitting motionless there, he could not shut out the thoughts which rushed upon him—visions of the years that had passed since she gave her hand in at the altar, and the unvarying faithfulness with which she had made good her marriage vows.

"If she knew," he muttered, at length, smoothing back the hair from her pale brows, "would she turn away from and despise the one who has sought to make her life happy?" If the worst comes, will this tried partner stand where she has stood so long and lovingly? Ah! sleep on, wife, Arline; you do not know the peril of the hour—you do not know your husband's struggle—his wickedness in the past, his deep repentance now, and—

He paused; he dared not speak or think of the future, its clouds, its uncertainties; its threat-shaded horizon was unreadable and feared.

But, the deed of the night was done!

Once more in his room, Vincent Carew placed the box beneath Dyke's bed. Donning hat and coat, he descended the stairs. In the vine-shadows of the piazza, Dyke Rouel, in obedience to orders, awaited him.

"Have you got the case, Dyke?"

"Yes, maester, I've got it! And are you really going to fight him? I wouldn't!"

"Come, come," moving away along one of the paths.

The clock was just striking eleven.

"Ugh! it's chilly. I feel awful chilly, maester," said Dyke, shivering, as he followed in the rear.

"Come, come," urged Carew, in a low, unnatural voice.

"Yes, maester, I'm a-comin'. But don't you know we're too soon? Why, it was to

be at midnight, and here it's only eleven." "No matter; come. I want to be alone, among the trees, where it is quiet."

"And I'm awfully scared, maester; indeed I am."

"Bah! Come, come."

A solitary figure paced the sward beneath the trees, near the house.

It was Oscar Storms. Obeying the note he had received, he repaired to the appointed place, but he was there long before the hour fixed; and, with mind wrapt in perplexing surmise, he walked to and fro, glancing occasionally toward the house.

Before him, on the table, was the metal box; on this his eyes were fastened with a fierce, unearthly gaze; and he would seem that some horrible musing kept him chained, silent, while a red flush covered such portions of his foul-cut visage as was not hidden beneath the massy beard.

This position he had occupied since eight o'clock, listening as the hour strokes rung out in the hall below—counting nine, then ten; now all was still.

Gradually his eyes wandered from the box, around the room. He had adored; he watched them, his fist doubled.

"Ay, he shall have 'satisfaction'—the miserable dog. Few men level a pistol with an aim like mine. He shall bite the grass in his death-agones within the hour!"

He saw another figure approaching. There was no mistaking that form, with its queenly grace, as it glided in the moonlight. It was Lorilyn; and, as he drew near, again, the question, which he had asked himself a hundred times since morning, arose:

"What can be the object of this interview?"

"Mr. Storms?" She was by his side.

"Lorilyn."

"I am glad you have granted me this."

"Did you think I would refuse? Love would lead me anywhere at your command."

"Of course, you think this very strange," hesitatingly, as if loth to speak of what she would.

"If I do, I will forget it. I know you have something to say."

"Yes—"

"Speak, Lorilyn."

"Oscar, what I am about to do, delicacy condemns. Wait... Twice you have asked me to become your wife."



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THREE NEW SERIALS!

The following will soon appear in the columns of the SATURDAY JOURNAL:

A STRANGE GIRL.

A Story of the New England Homes and Mills.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

In which this admirable writer throws his best powers of pen portraiture and action. It is so different from any of the author's previous productions as to be quite a surprise. Of course it will prove a literary sensation.

WIFE OR WIDOW;

or,

The Mysterious Marriage.

BY J. NEWTON SMITH.

This exciting story will very soon be given. It is a singular and enticing narrative, that shows how even a most splendidly endowed and beautiful woman may be Satan's Own. The plot is wrought with much skill, and the development of the drama involves several particularly strong, sustaining characters. Readers will enjoy it immensely.

WOLFGANG,

The Robber Knight of the Rhine.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

SOMETHING that strikes a new chord in popular romance. It is a brilliant and intensely interesting story of love, adventure and exploit, in those days when to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the Moslem was regarded as man's greatest duty, and to protect fair woman from wrong or insult was man's highest privilege. It involves a line of characters essentially historic, and in drama is literally entralling in its individual relations and interest. The story will enliven the attention of all lovers of old-time romance, and will command a wide-spread admiration.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—The following illustrates a point which half the authors who write don't seem to apprehend:—A witness describing certain events said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Williams." "What was the name of the other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel.—This want of *precision of expression* is exceedingly prevalent, even among editors who are regarded as literary oracles. We remember a series of articles, in a popular magazine, upon Words and Their Uses, in which the author's want of precision and clearness were more apparent than his scholarship; scarcely a paragraph which did not require revision. Of course when "our masters" make such work with syntax, mere pen amateurs ought not to be "blown up" for similar shortcomings. And yet, we wish writers would learn how to express themselves correctly and with precision before essaying the career of authorship.

—A correspondent, writing from Philadelphia, says: "In your issue of the 21st I noticed a remedy for the bad habit of tobacco-chewing. I bought ten cents' worth of gentian root, and am happy to say that it has saved me quite an expenditure of money; for I bought fifteen or twenty cents' worth of 'fine cut' daily." The habit referred to is confessedly a vile one, having no good results but many bad effects. How any gentleman can soil his mouth, breath and person—the floor and the pavement where he walks or stands—with the disgusting weed, is past our comprehension. A boy who tries to learn "how to chew" is doing a sad piece of business for himself. We wish, if gentian root is a remedy, that every tobacco-chewer in the land would be induced to invest in the root.

—As stated elsewhere, we do not care to receive contributions in which we are requested "not to make changes." If we published a paper for an author's benefit, it might possibly do to give the matter *literatum*, but, as we are not benefactors to the extent of letting every egotist and sickly sentimentalists have their say, we must request those who know better what we want than we ourselves to keep their offerings, or to use them elsewhere. We are ever happy to receive what is good, and take pleasure in printing it; but we reserve to ourselves the right to amend, alter or excise as our judgment dictates.

INFLUENCE OF "ROMANTIC LITERATURE."

Under the caption of "Runaway Boys," the New York *Observer* writes as follows:

Not long ago three boys, aged from eleven to fourteen, had gotten their heads filled with romantic notions of starting out into the world to seek some bold adventure on the Plains. Having perused some of the "Dime Novels" which are filled with sensational stories, they imagined that each one was to succeed Robinson Crusoe and become heroes in the eyes of their associates, as they returned again to recount their wonderful hairbreadth escapes among wild Indians and the bears and wolves of the Rocky Mountains. Having provided themselves with a "flying-sieve, ammunition and a knapsack, each and a small sum of money, they stealthily left their homes for the prairies of Illinois. They were not to accept

of any hospitable entertainment, even to a lodging in doors, in order to lure themselves to idleness and fatigues.

Three of them, during which their anxious parents were scouring the country in search of the runaways, sufficed to cool their ardor, and one night in the woods came near frightening them to death, as the screech-owl startled them with its unearthly cry. Then arose the sudden recollection of mother's cupboard, while their sandwiches had become stale, and no tea or coffee or warm milk was at hand to wash them down. It is needless to add that a council of war was held, and a retreat was ordered, which brought them home in short order by the nearest train of cars, much to the mortification of the romantic youths, who were scolded, and their fathers and mothers were soon forgotten in the excitement of sisters and brothers who gathered round the adventurers to see if their hair had not been lifted by the savages, or their bodies torn by wild beasts during their very long absence from home and neglect of lessons at school.

A similar case occurred at Philadelphia not long since; and now the papers are printing a card calling for information in regard to a boy who left his father's house in Brooklyn in the same manner, induced by the reading of sensational stories to start out for himself and try a life of adventure on his own hook.

Is there no remedy for such things? Not always. The story of Robinson Crusoe has stimulated the love of adventure in many a boy's mind; but there is nothing at all of an unhappy nature in this, the greatest known of any similar work for youth the world has ever seen. But De Foë has been out-Heroded by a multitude of scribblers, who write fabulous accounts of such men as "Buffalo Bill," "Belden, the White Chief," etc., and if the truth was printed of some of these heroes (?) an American youth would blush for shame at the mortification, low life they have led to the mortification of his parents and relatives.

Parents too often give little or no oversight to what their boys read. Naturally, they are glad to know that their sons have a taste for reading, and encourage this desire, as it is honorable, and far better than seeking excitement in the streets and doubtful places of amusement. But nothing can excuse the frequent lack of free intercourse between father and son, beyond that of mere table-talk, often had in the hurry of busy engagements. Get the confidence of your boys, for if you do not, they will make confidants of others, and often have most unhealthful advice from persons whose business it is to lead them astray. A boy's nature is generally so confident and impulsive that he is afraid their dignity will be compromised by too familiar intercourse, and they trust that their boys will find out many things, just as they did when children. And yet how often has the writer looked back with saddened heart to the period of his childhood, when he feared his father almost too much to love him.

The romantic literature of a language is always its most popular reading. Who can tell how many millions of people have read Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Sanford and Merton, Scottish Chiefs, Arabian Nights, Don Quixote, etc.? Their very currency attests the abiding interest to the human mind there is in these fictitious narratives of adventure, experience, and personal characteristics.

And Wonderland is just as enticing now as it ever was.

Boys and men alike are as charmed over Mayne Reid as were their fathers over Cooper, or their grandfathers over Walter Scott, and the boys to come after us will be fascinated over the mythic page.

To say that it is wrong to read this class of books, is to condemn much of the most charming writing in the world; and to assume that its effect is deleterious, is to arraign all who have gone before us as weak and wicked; either of which is simply absurd.

The books are neither hurtful nor worthless. On the contrary, they are delightful, leading the young mind into pleasant paths, and stimulating it to new fields of thought, feeling and inquiry. Boys always read such romances and always will; so that the truly wise man will not deny them the delights of such reading, but seek simply to place in their hands that which is unexceptionably pure in tone and healthful in its suggestiveness.

The whole end and aim of the publishers of BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS has been to

give to the Young People of America such a literature. Covering the field of the Early History and the Settlements—of the Old Indian Wars and the Revolution—the more modern Border and Wilderness Life—these books are unquestionably the best examples of American Romance and Historic Literature that have yet been placed within the easy reach of all classes of people.

Pure in word and tone; vigorous and original in spirit and story; vivid with personal and local portraiture, it is not too much to say that their influence has been to lead the popular mind into right directions, and to implant not only a taste for good reading and study, but to develop a decided love of our country and its great institutions.

For the mischief that may have been, or yet may be, wrought by certain other "ten-cent" publications of course the Dime Series (BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS) is no more responsible than the Pilgrim's Progress is responsible for Gulliver's Travels.

All good things are perverted; and it is not strange, considering the vast popularity of these novels of the Dime Publishing House of Beadle & Adams, that imitations, good and bad and indifferent, should have found their way to the trade.

What readers and the directors of public taste want, is to *discriminate* carefully in the choice of the books which become current, and to avoid the all too common mistake of associating these worthless or worse "ten-cent" books with the Dime Novels, which they no more approach in literary and moral excellence than a vagabond approaches a gentleman.

10th day. Horse found in stable, and he evinced a desire to climb into the buggy backwards; took a notion to start and went, touching ground only once in thirty feet; buggy didn't touch ground at all—it didn't have time to—but staid up in the air with wheels whirling like buzz saws. I was badly scared; horse seemed to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

4th day. Horse getting wilder. I lost half a pound of meat when I went to carry him this morning, and I was obliged to finish the job by currying him with the currycomb on the end of a ten-foot pole. I was bound to break him or myself, so rode him out, and he waltzed down-street sideways, climbed up some stone steps on the sidewalk, ate up the contents of an apple stand, and took the heavy badly and headed me off; rode him home with a good full of tricks tied to his tail for ballast.

5th day. Tried him in harness, and he half a pound of meat when I went to carry him this morning, and I was obliged to finish the job by currying him with the currycomb on the end of a ten-foot pole. I was bound to break him or myself, so rode him out, and he waltzed down-street sideways, climbed up some stone steps on the sidewalk, ate up the contents of an apple stand, and took the heavy badly and headed me off; rode him home with a good full of tricks tied to his tail for ballast.

6th day. Horse kicked all the shoes off his feet; ate the manger up. Kicked the hind end out of the stable, and me. Wife says I'll be killed by that horse yet, and that I needn't expect her to remain single.

7th day. Have driven horse all day hatched to a log wagon, and though I had the brakes set I was arrested once for fast driving, and fined. His speed is far beyond Dexter of the New York Sledger. Hitched him to an iron fence for a moment, and he got frightened and went off with the whole fence, and jerked the lot out of square, several feet.

8th day. This is the only horse that I ever saw that can turn a complete back hand-spring so quick his rider won't have time to fall off. He did this with me to death.

9th day. The mayor has notified me that he intends to order out the 6th Regiment to suppress that horse.

10th day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

11th day. The mayor has notified me that he intends to order out the 6th Regiment to suppress that horse.

12th day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

13th day. The mayor has notified me that he intends to order out the 6th Regiment to suppress that horse.

14th day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

15th day. The mayor has notified me that he intends to order out the 6th Regiment to suppress that horse.

16th day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

17th day. The mayor has notified me that he intends to order out the 6th Regiment to suppress that horse.

18th day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

19th day. The mayor has notified me that he intends to order out the 6th Regiment to suppress that horse.

20th day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

21st day. The mayor has notified me that he intends to order out the 6th Regiment to suppress that horse.

22nd day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

23rd day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

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25th day. Horse found in stable, and he attempted to walk on ceiling of stable, is thought to be after lightning, the buggy was after the horse, and lit on the ground, sprawling; horse hastened and picked me up by the waistband, and trotted off down street; neither my hands nor my feet touched ground, though I struggled wildly. I was a splendid case of suspended animation. He led me drop in a muddy gutter, and climbed half way into an express-wagon that was going his way. I finally had him towed home at the end of a dray, I riding and steering him.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL.

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A LOTUS-DREAM.

BY EBEN. E. REXFORD.

Out on the bilbow my small boat is rocking,
While waves whisper low
Out of the bay, with the land interlocking,
Stilly and slow.
Oh the deep quiet that's round and above me,
As I sit here and feel!
Ah! if I had, now, but one love to love me,
Some heart to beat
Steady and true to my own and the ocean's.
Close to my breast,
What would I care for the world's wild commotions?
Ah! I would rest!

On to forever drift out on the ocean.
Two souls alone,
With a true heart, full of love's sweet emotion,
Close to my own!
Lips to give kisses, and say that they love me,
Tun as wine!
Eyes that sparkle like blue that's above me,
Hair like the sunshine that lingers about me,
Shining as gold!
Ah! grim old world, you might go on without me,
Faded, and grow old!

Sprites of the ocean, I pray you to find me,
At the deep!
Some maiden fair, whose day is, to bind me
Fast in this sleep!
For I am dreaming that these arms are 'round me,
Folding me close;
Passionate kisses from herarket lips down me
Deep in a rose!
Oh, let me always drift out on the ocean,
Over the deep,
Lured by the dream from the cold world's commotion—
Oh, let me sleep!

Madame Durand's Protégés;

OR,

THE FATEFUL LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DE-
CERNIT," "ADRIA THE ADOPTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MADAME'S DISCOVERY.

THE two eavesdroppers stared silently into each other's faces for a second. Ross flushed and paled and trembled guiltily; but Miss St. Orme, after her first start of surprise, seemed in no way disconcerted.

"Hush!" she whispered, with her finger on her lips.

Mirabel and Erne were passing out through the anteroom, and the listeners fairly held their breath, lest some slight sound should betray them. Fay turned toward the maid the moment the closing door shut them out, her fair face stamped with a charming expression of innocent wonder.

"Did madame send you out there?" she asked, being careful to modulate her voice that no tone might penetrate to madame's ears. "Why, I thought she had called Miss Durand and Mr. Valere for some secret conference, so I tiptoed through carefully, as though it had been a powder-magazine in there. I suppose I was mistaken, or madame would have sent you away out of hearing."

"I didn't want those others to see me, for they might have misconstrued my presence. People are so uncharitable, you know, and so apt to be suspicious without the slightest grounds in the world. That stately Miss Durand might suppose I was trying to overhear what the madame wanted of her, when I was just simply stealing through to get a close view of that exquisite tuberose, which I could see bursting into blossom over the edge of the balcony. Do you think madame would let me have just one little spray of those half-opened buds? They're so lovely, and would be perfectly sweet to loop back my curls when I dress for dinner. What do you think, Ross? I'm sure you have good taste in such things."

"They'd look very nice, I'm sure, Miss," returned Ross. "Madame's very particular about her flowers, though, and I couldn't say what her mind might be. Please let me pass, Miss; she'll be awful if I keep her waiting."

"Oh, well, don't disturb her with my request, and I'll come myself to see her after I'm dressed. I wish I had you to wait on me instead of that blundering Jean."

Jean was the housekeeper's niece, and quite a rivalry was extant between her and madame's favorite maid. Ross, gratified but nervous, pushed past with a flurried "Thank you, Miss," and hastened to the presence of her waiting mistress.

Fay glanced after the prim little figure, and laughed silently.

"A word of flattery fitly spoken," she whispered, in a soliloquy, as she danced lightly out upon the stairway-landing, and back through the passage to her own apartment.

"That simple-minded maid is blind to the straight intent of my object, though, at first thought, she was convinced of the fact that I was listening, as I am of her purpose in hiding among the shrubs.

"What has she in view by it, I wonder? Is she planning to make money out of madame's heiress, or does she only wish to discover what legacy is left to herself? I'll keep an eye to your proceedings, you melancholy Ross, and trust me to find if you're any particular purpose at hand."

"Oh, Miss Durand! I what an idiotic being you are to throw away the chance madame offered you. Why, I think I would be willing to marry anybody's grandfather, if he were hideous as the fabled beast, for the sake of coming into such an inheritance. Of course, you weren't to blame that the young man refused you, and I rather imagine that 'I am the cause of it' if you go to the root of his reasons. Very good taste you have displayed, Mr. Valere, in preferring little me to the queenly Mirabel, but your worldly judgment is decidedly at fault."

"I'm infinitely obliged to you both, though, for your generous self-denial, and your Quixotic views of honor."

"If I've rightly judged the madame, she'll never give you an opportunity for another refusal. What a blessing that she's such an unforgiving old wretch; there's no shadow of fear she'll retract in favor of that cast-off grandson; they are all so busy pleading for."

"It will be my time next, for I'm near to the old eat as is Mirabel Durand, but I expected that the matter of the name would give her the preference. Oh, fortune is on my side, surely. Heaven knows to what means I might have had recourse, but now my way simplifies wonderfully."

"Catch me refuse any conditions the madame may impose. If she'd but couple me with that handsome Lucian Ware, and submit the same proposition she gave those other two, she'd never be disappointed by either of us."

"I always did prefer sinners to saints, and if Lucian Ware doesn't belong to the first class, I never saw devility stamped on a perfect face."

"I can imagine what a glorious face it would be, if soothed by the pleading of the great, tender passion. But ah! Lucian—Lucian Ware! you are the man to command love, not to implore it. I don't think I could quite give up my ambitious dreams for you, even—"

"Ah, bah! where am I running to? Not to any idle sentiment, be sure. There's too much at stake for that, just yet."

"Now, Fay, you innocent dove, make your hay while the sun shines. Ah, Mirabel Durand! what complications those conscientious scruples of yours have saved me!"

"It's as good as settled now that I am madame's heiress, just as I intended to be when I consented to come to this dreary Fairview Glen, with its horrid old manse and its capricious old mistress, its miles upon miles of mountainous lands, and its piles upon piles of golden dollars that madame harvests from it."

And with this reflection prompting her, Fay made a bewitching toilet, and tripped away to the madame's presence with a pale blue silken robe trailing its lengths in midst of the dingy surroundings which fitted the grim old manse. Only a plain band of narrow black velvet encircled her throat, and her white arms were bare of ornament.

All her life Fay had longed for costly jewels to fettle those rounded arms, to encircle the pearly neck, and the spark of her strange green-gray eyes rivaled the bright gleam of madame's diamonds, as she thought of those priceless gems one day becoming her own.

She stopped on the threshold of madame's room, startled, and staring as though she saw some uncanny sight.

There sat madame in a great arm-chair, with a dress of crimson-and-gold brocade falling in stiff voluminous folds to the floor. She wore a glittering stomacher, and the rare yellow lace at her throat was clasped by a single immense ruby, which burned like a concentrated flame in the light of the declining sun.

A little stand, drawn to her elbow, held a couple of jeweled caskets, one of them open, with a portion of its contents strewn about. Miss Ross and the housekeeper, Briggs, were in close attendance upon madame, their faces reflecting dire dismay.

Madame's passion of the afternoon had resulted in—a very opposite effect from that predicted by Doctor Gaines. Madame's indomitable will seemed slowly to be overcoming the resistance of the stricken powers.

By dint of threat and command, she had made herself obeyed. Through the combined efforts of Ross and the housekeeper, she had been lifted from her couch, and arrayed in full dress, and sat now in the great arm-chair, as has been seen.

Her restless black eyes caught sight of Fay, as she latter paused in the doorway.

"There, Babyface, go away before you fall into a hysteria from fright again. You're a victim to nerves. I detest nerves; I'll not have people that are troubled with them, about me. I'll not have an exhibition of them; do you hear, Miss St. Orme?"

"Oh, madame dear! please do let me in," cried Fay, coaxingly. "Indeed indeed, I'll be very careful not to disturb you! I'm so glad to find you so wonderfully better; it is a very great, joyful surprise. Oh, please let me stay."

"Oh, but you'll be going into hysteria from excessive joy next," cried the madame, grimly.

"No, no, indeed! I never have hysteria, except from some very great shock or terror. You shall tell me if I annoy you in any way."

"Well, come in then," said madame, growing gracious. "Turn about, Miss Vanity, till I view that becoming toilet you've been spending hours upon, I dare say. It's not complete, Miss St. Orme; where are your ornaments?"

"I was meaning to beg some of those lovely tuberoses of yours. I have no jewels, madame; not even of the simplest kind. Mamma and I were so dreadfully poor, you know."

"Oh, dreadfully poor, no doubt," assented madame. "Pray, how many silk dresses may your wardrobe contain?"

"Let me think," murmured Fay, reflectively. "I have a lovely sea-green satin and a puffed white lace over-dress with it, that's my best; then, I've a white moire, shot with gold, from last season; my rose *lace* and this blue; a gray foulard made from one of mamma's; and some common blacks and browns, but they are horribly shabby."

"You're to be pitied, Miss St. Orme," said madame, gravely. "I really don't see how you contrived to exist with that meager supply. I suppose you have some other dresses?"

"Oh, yes; India muslins, and cambrics and organdies, a silk tissue, and two comon prints. I've a tattered that I wore once over maize satin—that might do here, though I never could have worn it again at my uncle's. I've some of Japanese goods, too, and summer silk."

"And no jewels!" broke in madame. "Pitiable case! I hope your uncle never paid you on short rations?"

"What?" asked Fay, opening her eyes with a sudden comprehension that madame's grave sympathy was covert sarcasm.

"You had enough to eat?"

"Of course. You're laughing at me, Madame Durand; but, indeed, my wardrobe is nothing, compared with my cousins'. I'm glad I have all those dresses, madame, for they will last me a long time here."

"Of course," assented the madame.

"Now, my dear madame," coaxed Fay, "may Ross bring me the flowers I asked for, and may I look at your jewels? Oh, what beauties!"

"No, Ross may not break so much as a single stem," said madame, positively. "I can't prevent you looking at those gewgaws if you wish to, since they are plainly in view. Here, Miss Ross, open the other basket for me; empty it in my lap—so."

With a cry of delight Fay went down upon her knees before the madame.

"They've not seen the light for twenty-five years," said madame, in croaking monotone. "Not for twenty-five years, then she'd been put to bed, while I came out to get rid of the headache I'd got from the fright when I supposed Miss St. Orme had found me out. It's lucky she didn't suspect but the madame had seen me there."

Milky Ross, naturally shrewd in many ways, was unsophisticated with all, and Fay's semblance of perfect innocence had misled her completely, as the young lady intended it should. The mind of Lucian Ware had compassed a truer understanding, but he had no thought of undeviating his companion.

ter heap which shone against the background of madame's rich brocade.

She drew her gaze away with a wistful sigh, as she accepted the old woman's gift.

"So very, very kind of you, dear Madame Durand. 'Oh, it's lovely; but see, it does not match my dress. I can't wear an emerald with blue, you know."

"Put it on," said madame, peremptorily, "it matches your eyes. They're green-green as were Rosalie Durand's. There's a bracelet, too—ah! here! Clasp it on Miss St. Orme's wrist, Ross."

"I must hurry back or the madame will be vexed again, though all her anger now

seems to do her a world of good. She'll be well in a week, if she keeps going in such

rares and mends as fast as she's done to day."

"It'll not be much of a blessing to you,

the capricious old termagant!" said Ware.

"Oh, but the madame's been kind to me in her way!" cried Ross. "She's full of whims, and odd, and hard to please sometimes, but I wouldn't for the world that any harm should happen her. I'd be glad to see her up strong and well again."

"Oh, you're a forgiving little mortal,"

said Fay, smiling. "Now I hate the madame for her arrogance, and for her supercilious patronage. In any one else I'd rather admire her invincible will, and her total lack of sentimental feeling; but in her it always rouses my aggressive spirit. What going, little one?"

A grim smile settled down upon madame's face.

"Fit to be a descendant of Rosalie Durand," she muttered, *sotto voce*. "Cold-blooded, I perceive; treacherous, and

faithful little mouse. Must I ask if you are willing?"

"I hope it's not to play the spy again,"

hesitated Ross, timidly deprecating. "Any

thing else—oh! you know I must do any

that's not a sin that you might ask of me, Lucian!"

"But, anticipating

"I must have in a short time all the same is not a sin, you conscientious little Puritan; you should know that I'd never ask any

thing positively wrong of you." Yes, I do

want you to watch when the lawyer comes to draw up her will to

tomorrow, and discover, if you can, who she

makes her heir. There'll be legacies, of

course; you will have one, and I don't see

why I shouldn't be remembered, too.

"I'll be sure to find it all out, for me, Miss St. Orme!"

With a half-regretful sigh, Ross promised,

for she could refuse him nothing.

"I knew you would," he said, taking her

hands in his strong pressure. "One kiss, sweet; there, good-night!"

And Ross obediently slipped the circlet on madame's finger, then replaced the

jewels, and locked them fast in the strong-

bound caskets.

CHAPTER X.

A COMPACT.

A MAN whose figure was ill-defined in the deep shadow, leaned against the wall of the old round tower.

It was ten o'clock at night, and the moon was up in full silvery radiance; but there was embrown foliage at the foot of the tower, deep abutments too, and the moss-grown remnant of a crumbling wall, that shut the flood of light completely away from the spot where the man stood waiting.

Not patiently waiting, it would seem, though it was drooping, and his hands in his strong pressure.

He advanced through a few steps to listen, and a ray of moonlight revealed the face of the young law-student, Lucian Ware.

At the same instant the prim little figure of madame's maid came into view from the corner of the manse, and approached noiselessly to his side.

"At last," said Lucian Ware, holding on his hand. "I almost despaired of your coming; I've been waiting half-an-hour, Miss St. Orme."

He spoke in a tone of plaintive reproach, and held her thin little hand close in his grasp.

"Ah, Miss Ross! Then this is the secret of your spying upon the madame—the eavesdropping beneath the window. That was a part which your own simple honesty of itself would never have assumed; but the subtle power of handsome Lucian Ware has blinded you to the fact that you are only a cat's-paw in his hands, and you are lending yourself a tool to his machinations, fancying that you are to be rewarded by his love. An, simple Milky Ross! you have yet to learn that the love of Lucian Ware is a bane that is to cast a blight on more than you alone."

"It is just ten," replied the maid. "But, oh, Mr. Lucian I had given up the hope of coming to-night. I feared I should have to disappoint you."

"And the warning which has frightened the madame so, I think, if truly solved

would reveal the little schemer *en costume* according to the portrait of Rosalie Durand. She must have got hold of the superstition and madame's belief in the verity of the apparition, and is working out some plan of her own without

Thick bushes shut in the road on either hand; but James must have been very familiar with the road, for, despite every obstacle, the carriage dashed on at a spanking pace.

After the lapse of about fifteen minutes, it was suddenly drawn up in a large and gloomy yard.

"Here we are," cried Belmont; and he prepared to alight.

As for Dick, he glanced sharply about him, that chill foreboding of ill throbbing more painfully than ever at his heart. What he saw was a dark, low house, half-hidden in forest-trees, and presenting an aspect strangely desolate and forbidding.

Of course he could see nothing very distinctly, having only the faint starlight to aid his vision. But the deep silence that pervaded everywhere was enough, of itself, to have appalled the bravest heart.

He did not hesitate for one moment, however, but dropped from his precarious perch, and threw himself at full length in the rank grass until Belmont had passed him by.

"Secure the horses, James, and come in at once," the gambler called out, after having advanced five or six paces. "You can call up Pete, and send him out to groom them."

"Yes, sir," said James; and his voice seemed husky to Dick, as if he were trying to repress a laugh.

Nevertheless, the intrepid young baller-dancer followed Belmont to the house, only waiting for the latter to put a safe distance between them ere he himself set out.

Let the risks be what they may, he was determined to find out whether Mabel Trevor was in that house or not.

James was still busy with the horses, and so, for the present, Dick had only the gambler himself against whom to be on his guard.

He stole noiselessly up a grass-grown path, and mounted two or three rickety steps that led to a porch.

Not a sound smote upon his ears, save the soft sighing of the wind among the tree-tops.

The house-door was right before him, and to his joy he saw that it was standing wide open.

The passage within was pitch dark, and looked gloomy as the mouth of Erebus.

He knew that Gilbert Belmont had gone in at that door. After a moment's hesitation, he determined to follow him, and trust to Providence to guide his steps aright.

He crossed the threshold, and put out both hands to grope his way along the passage. Ere he had advanced a single yard, however, some heavy object was brought down with resounding force on his head and shoulders.

He staggered, and fell like a log on the floor.

At the same instant a shrill yell of triumph reached his ears, and Belmont's dark figure darted past him, and out at the door.

A moment later, the carriage could be heard dashing down the lonely road.

Dick's senses had not been utterly knocked out of him. He realized enough of what was transpiring to know that he had been outwitted—played with from first to last—and that Belmont was escaping him.

But he was too dizzy and weak to attempt pursuit.

He lay very still, just as he had fallen. At least two hours wore on, and daylight would soon appear. Suddenly, to Dick's infinite surprise, he heard a fresh rumble of wheels, and a second carriage soon rolled into the yard.

It could scarcely be Belmont returning, for why should he return at all? Who, then, was it who had found it necessary to take a night's journey to this lonely spot? The house must be wholly deserted, for Dick had not heard or seen any indication of human presence during the two long hours, in which he had been recovering from the blow he had received.

His curiosity was thoroughly awakened, and he crept into a deserted dog-kennel, near the stoop, from whence he hoped to watch events undiscovered.

He had scarcely ensconced himself in this singular refuge, when he saw two men leave from the carriage and approach the house, bearing the motionless body of a third, between them.

CHAPTER XXII. MABEL AND BELMONT.

It will be remembered that, on leaving Old Het's establishment at Slaughter-house Point, the hapless girl had been pounced upon by some unknown foe, and borne to a carriage that stood in waiting.

The action was so sudden, so utterly unexpected, that Mabel could not offer the slightest resistance.

Besides, the muffling cloak which had been thrown over her head in the first instance, would have stifled her cries; in fact, it answered so well the purpose for which it was intended that she was half-suffocated when her captor saw fit to remove it.

This was not until the carriage began to roll away at a speed that must have defied pursuit.

The instant she was released the poor girl gasped faintly, and fell backward among the cushions. Consciousness had left her.

"Good," muttered Belmont. "Now I'm not likely to be troubled with the shrieks of my beauty until we are clear of the city."

He reached forward and touched the passive face of the girl, then drew back, and went on speaking.

"Old Het thought me wholly ignorant of the true history of this inanimate Hebe. Well, I don't know much about her. But, if she isn't the same girl I saw in the carriage that drove away from Woodlawn the other night, then I am very much mistaken. But it isn't best to tell you all you know on every possible occasion. Besides, I'm not at all deeply exercised in regard to her past. She's lovely as an Hour, let her be who and what she will."

The carriage was now in the suburbs of the city, and Belmont let down the front window to speak to the driver.

"James," he said, "I suppose you understand the programme?"

"Perfectly, sir," responded the servant.

"You are to drive directly to Hedge House."

"Yes, sir."

"Can't you stop a minute and light the carriage-lamps? It's dark as a pocket in here."

"I think it will be safe to do so, now."

In another minute he had them brightly burning, sending red flashes of light into

the carriage and over the motionless figure of poor Mabel.

Then up went the glass, and Belmont was free to contemplate at his ease the marvelous beauty of his captive.

At last she moved, heaved a deep sigh, unclosed her eyes and fixed them in a wild, startled look upon the face of her companion.

"Where am I?" she asked, faintly.

"With one who is bound to protect you with his life," was Belmont's ready answer.

Her searching gaze relaxed not in its intensity when these words were spoken. A low cry fell from her lips. She suddenly remembered what had happened—how she had been escaping from Het Bender's cruel clutches when she had been seized and forced into this carriage.

"God help me!" she murmured.

Belmont gently took her hand. "Do not fear sweet lady," said the artful scoundrel. "I am your friend. You shall never be taken back to the wretched hole from which you have just escaped."

She still looked distrustful and frightened.

"Where are you taking me, sir?"

"To a place of safety."

"I wish to go back to Woodlawn. Oh! for mercy's sake, take me there," she pleaded.

Belmont lowered the lids of his eyes to conceal the gleam of pleasure that came into those tell-tale orbs at these words. They revived his suspicion in regard to Mabel's identity.

There was an opportunity not to be neglected of knowing more of her. If he knew exactly who were her friends, he could the better guard against them.

"Are you sure—quite sure?" he said, intimatingly, "that it would be safe for you to return to Woodlawn?"

"It would be safe," replied the unsuspecting girl, "if I could only see Mr. Laundersdale. He would protect me. I should go directly to him, and tell him all my story, and how friendly I am."

"You think you have some claim upon him?"

"He is a relative, perhaps?"

For answer, Mabel briefly recounted what had been told to her by Granny Wells in the old hut in Berlin.

Belmont listened with a show of interest that was not wholly put on. He began to realize that he had secured a richer prize than he had, at first, imagined.

"Mrs. Laundersdale, if I mistake not, is your greatest enemy," he said, after a minute's reflected silence.

"Yes; Mrs. Laundersdale and the two ruffians who took me to Old Het's house."

"Have you no friends?"

"Only you, sir," she answered, blushing.

"Who is he?"

"Philip Jocelyn."

After what he had witnessed at the garden gate that night at Woodlawn, Belmont was partially prepared for this answer; but he could not repress a start, and a frown of displeasure.

Belmont leaped to the ground, and then helped Mabel to alight.

"Let me welcome you to Hedge House," he said, airily.

The poor girl shuddered as her hand touched his, but she submissively yielded herself to his guidance.

"Sweet bird," he chuckled, hurrying her toward the house, "you will soon be safe in the nest I have provided for you—safe in Mother Het and all her crew."

Presently it passed through a gate and was pulled up before a large but gloomy-looking house, surrounded by a high hedge.

Belmont dashed off to the ground, and then helped Mabel to alight.

"Let me welcome you to Hedge House," he said, airily.

The poor girl shuddered as her hand touched his, but she submissively yielded herself to his guidance.

"Sweet bird," he chuckled, hurrying her toward the house, "you will soon be safe in the nest I have provided for you—safe in Mother Het and all her crew."

He rung the bell, and after waiting at least five minutes, was gratified by the appearance of a middle-aged woman, quite prepossessing in appearance, who crossed the hall with a light in her hand, and unlocked the door.

"Is it you, Gilbert?" she asked, starting back with a gesture of unfeigned surprise.

"Of course it is."

"I did not know that you were coming home to-night."

"Humph! Stand aside, Mrs. Pratt. Don't you observe that I have brought back a guest with me?"

"Yes, sir," the woman said, hastily.

"You are to take very good care of her, Mrs. Pratt. In fact, she is to have the best, and the *secrest* room is to the house."

Belmont had a peculiar emphasis on his concluding words.

"Lord love me!" she cried, sharply.

"Who are you?"

"Her name is Mabel Trevor," replied Belmont.

Mrs. Pratt looked bewildered. "I've seen that face before," she said, thoughtfully. Then a sudden exclamation broke from her lips.

"Good heavens! I know now of whom it reminds me."

Belmont felt pleased, but tried hard not to betray his pleasure. "Hush!" he said, sternly. "Have done with such nonsense. Take the girl to her room. You know which one?"

"The blue chamber, I suppose?"

"Yes. Now be off. And see that you lock the door securely. I wouldn't like to wake up in the morning to find that my bird had flown."

"Trust me to look after her," responded the woman.

She took hold of Mabel's hand and led the unresisting girl up a flight of stairs to a large, luxuriously-furnished chamber known as the "blue" room, from the prevailing color of its adornments.

"The remainder of the night passed without event of any sort."

Breakfast was always a very late meal at Hedge House. Just as the ornate clock on the mantel of the breakfast-room was on the stroke of eleven the next morning, Belmont came yawning down-stairs.

Mrs. Pratt sat at the head of the table, waiting for him.

"Have you seen our gentle captive this morning?" was his first question.

"Yes. I looked in at her about an hour since."

Belmont laughed lightly.

"Is she becoming reconciled to her new quarters, think you?"

"No," slowly shaking her head. "She'll never be that, Gilbert. She is very different from those other persons you have brought here, from time to time."

"Humph! I should think so."

"I'm sure she didn't close her eyes last night. She was sitting by the window when I looked in, the picture of despair!"

Belmont shrugged his shoulders. Then, after a minute's silence, he looked eagerly across the table at his housekeeper.

"Mrs. Pratt," he said, abruptly, "who is that girl?"

The woman started. "What girl?" she repeated, her glance shifting uneasily from the table to her master's face, and back again.

"Don't pretend to misunderstand me. I mean our lovely prisoner."

"You ought to know much more about her than I tell you."

"I don't. You recognized her last night."

Mrs. Pratt shook her head.

"I only noticed a resemblance to some person with whom I was acquainted at one time."

"To whom?"

"That person is dead."

"To whom?" repeated Belmont, dashing his hand angrily upon the table.

The woman turned pale, but she dared not refuse to answer him.

"The first Mrs. Laundersdale?"

"Ah, ha!" Belmont started; his black eyes sparkled. "And so my dainty Mabel remained the first Mrs. Laundersdale?" he said, after a long silence.

"Strikingly."

"How do you know?"

Mrs. Pratt hesitated, and seemed more reluctant to reply to this question than to any that had preceded. "I lived with the first Mrs. Laundersdale as nurse-maid," she answered, finally.

"Indeed?" Belmont rubbed his hands together, and smiled slyly to himself.

The sudden determination to which he had come the night before, while sitting in the carriage with Mabel and listening to her pathetic story, had been unexpectedly strengthened by the few words Mrs. Pratt had let fall.

"You must treat pretty Mabel as though she were of royal blood," he said, presentingly.

"Of course."

"Keep her a close prisoner, but see that she wants for nothing."

He rose and unlocked an escritoire that stood in one corner of the apartment, then took from a secret drawer a small casket of jewels.

"What do you think of this?" he said, throwing open the casket as he again approached the table.

Mrs. Pratt threw up both hands.

"Diamonds—real diamonds!" she cried.

"Of course they are diamonds."

"I never saw such beauties."

"They are unusually fine. Present them to Miss Trevor with my compliments, when you take up her breakfast."

Mrs. Pratt drew back, staring at him in real dismay. "Surely, Gilbert!" she ventured, "you don't mean what you say? You won't be so

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With the warm-hearted impulsiveness of his race, he began to blame himself for having said so much under the influence of his misapprehension; and yet, as Everard pointed out to him, he had as little reason for trusting the latter now as he had for once accusing him of desertion.

"There are only two people who know the truth, Tim," said poor Everard; "and they are both in New York. I must stand my trial and trust to my innocence to clear me of the charge of desertion."

"And, bedad, ay I knew who them two people was," said Tim. "I'd bring 'em here and make them tell the truth. Innocence is a good thing, liffintan, but witnesses is better, bedad."

"And those witnesses I can not get, Tim," said Everard. "The one is my own father, and the other—I can not name her on my honor as a soldier."

Tim made no answer, and Everard relapsed into gloomy thought.

As he listened to the mournful strains of the Dead March, it seemed as if it were beating for his own funeral, and he shuddered as he thought of poor Andre. Presently the music ceased, and he knew that the gloomy procession had arrived at the place of execution. A solemn hush pervaded the camp, and Everard could almost hear the beating of his own heart.

Then there came a wild wail of mournful music from the band, and the sullen boom of a gun announced that all was over.

Everard buried his face in his hands, and at the same moment heard the clattering spurs of an orderly dragoon approaching the tent. There was a knock at the canvas door.

"Come in," said the prisoner, and he saw the bright brazen helmet and high boots of the soldier at the entrance.

"Orders for you, lieutenant," said the man, respectfully, and he held out a folded paper.

Everard took it. As he had expected, it was a copy of his charges, and one of the order to hold a general court-martial, to try him for "desertion to the enemy."

He looked round for Tim Murphy. The scout was gone. In another moment he was left alone in the tent to reflect on his position.

The trial was ordered for the next day, and he had not one witness.

Tim Murphy did not come back all day, and night found him still absent.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PRESS-GANG.

DURING the British occupation of New York, from the very nature of its surroundings, it was much exposed to a species of predatory and partisan warfare, carried on by both sides, in boats. At first these boats had been simply used by smugglers, who found it very advantageous to run in loads of fruit, vegetables and meat to the beleaguered city, cut off as it was from all open communication with the country round by the American militia. With fresh provisions at extravagant prices in New York, while silks, teas, cotton goods and cutlery were imported there free of duty, the temptation to illicit traffic was extreme, despite of State laws and Continental military orders. The British encouraged the traffic, as it inured greatly to their advantage, and encouraged the spread of Toryism by the benefits received from Government.

But the profits of this smuggling traffic speedily grew so heavy as to entice many more into it than it could accommodate. The American officials found it demoralizing their people, and attempted to suppress it. Armed boats cruised about in the night, capturing and seizing goods and boats in large quantities. The British, on their part, fitted out other boats to fight the Yankees, and the smugglers armed themselves.

The consequence, as might be supposed, was desperate and frequent encounters around New York, up the North and East rivers, and all the way to Long Island Sound by Oyster Bay. Landings were frequently made by the patriots, who, as all through the war, were prone to the most desperate enterprises, and not unfrequently entered the city of New York itself, in disguise, to carry off some wealthy Tory from his home.

About a week after the execution of Major Andre, on a dark night, when a fog hung over the river, and a drizzling rain from the east made every thing wet and miserable, a long low boat stole silently out of a dense bank of fog toward the rickety docks on the east side of the city. The boat was sharp at both ends, of the kind called whale-boats, very long and narrow, and pulling sixteen oars, while the bow and stern were crowded with figures. The oars made no noise as they dipped in the water, for the blades were heavily muffled in strips of blanket, and the usual noise of the rowlocks was entirely absent.

As silently as a dark ghost the mysterious boat moved over the face of the waters, the only sound audible being the sullen slap of the little waves against the worm-eaten timber of the docks beside which the boat was stealing. The faint web-like outline of the spars and rigging of several large ships could be seen above the low-hanging mist through the drops of rain, showing the presence of several men-of-war, but the boat, low down in the fog, was quite unseen by the Englishmen.

At last the bows of the dark-looking craft swept inward, and she pulled into an open space between two of the docks, only to be hailed by the hoarse challenge of a sentry, one of a chain that surrounded the water front of the city.

"Boat ahoy! Who goes there?"

"Pressgang, from the Vulture," answered a low voice from the stern of the boat, with a strong Irish accent. "Now don't ye be talkin', sober dear, or they'll all hear ye, and we won't get a man to-night."

"Ye can't pass, widout the countersign," responded the sentry, with an accent equally pronounced. "One of yez come up the steps and whisper now."

The sailors in the boat tossed and shipped their oars simultaneously, and a single figure, short and sturdy, swathed in a peajacket, and wearing the gold-banded cap of a midshipman, ran lightly up the steps to the sentry, and whispered a word in his ear.

"Countersign erect. Pass all," said the sentry, as he shouldered his piece again.

"Come on, liffintan; it's all right," said the Irish middy, beckoning. A slight-looking officer, wrapped in a sea cloak, rose up in the stern sheets, and came forward. He gave some directions in a low voice to the men in the boat, and four of them rose and followed him, moving slow-

ly, as if they were burdened with some great weight of weapons, as indeed they were, although all were hidden.

The officer had a remarkably handsome and intellectual face, and his voice had the clear, precise accents of an educated man, as he said to the sentry:

"My good fellow, we are going to a house not far from here, and when we come back we shall have several prisoners. If you're off duty before our return, tell the relief will you, so that we may have no trouble."

"Yes, sir," said the sentry, respectfully.

He was used to having navy officers come ashore at all hours with the same mystery now observed. In those days, when Britannia ruled the waves, she found it very hard to get seamen to submit to the brutal treatment of the "officers and gentlemen," who made their boast of flogging a man every twenty-four hours. So scarce had they become, that bouties wouldn't fetch them, and the press-gang had become a standing institution, picking up men wherever they could be got, by the simple process of knocking them down with a club, and putting handcuffs on them.

Such a gang as this, to all appearance, was the one just landed, containing lieutenant, midshipman, and twenty or thirty men. When the officer and his first party of four men had got to the end of the dock, the Irish midshipman made a signal, and four more left the boat and sauntered up the dock, while he himself brought up the rear with four more, leaving about a dozen in the boat. The latter was immediately pushed out into the middle of the dock, to the end of the painter, and kept there, with the men sitting by their rowlocks, as if ready to start any minute.

The officer and his party, straggling in irregular groups, strolled along South street, from the end of the old Fly Market, near which they had landed. The midshipman gradually shifted up alongside of his officer, and whispered to the latter.

"Colonel, we're almost there. I know where to find him. He's goin' to say this blissful night, so the man could me, and he's to mate the rest of the bys down at Jim Grogan's num-cellar. It's round then, corner, sir."

"Very well, Murphy," answered the officer, in a low tone. "Take your measures as you think best. The tells me you can be trusted. I don't know much about this kind of work."

"Well, sir," said Tim—for he it was—"if your honor will take four men and stop here, so as to take any one that tries to run out this way, I'll go in and see if he's inside. If not, we'll have him asy as he comes down."

"Very good, Murphy," said the officer, resolutely. "Don't be long. I tell you, I've not much faith in this kind of work. You say you know Champe."

"As me own brother, liffintan," said Tim; "and, bedad, he'll know every one else in this town be this time."

And Double-Death moved off up the line of Old Slip, at the end of which was a very famous cellar, known as Jim Grogan's, a favorite place of resort for army and navy officers. Double-Death was followed by his men in detached groups, and he stationed them at the different corners of Queen street,* in such a manner as to intercept any one coming there. Then, with the cool assurance for which he was noted, he sauntered into Grogan's, in the midst of a crowd of officers filling the place with a damp, steamy atmosphere of wet cloaks and hot rum punches. The advent of a short midshipman in such a crowd of notables was entirely unnoticed, and Tim sidled about here and there at his ease, searching for the figure of the traitor Arnold. It was indeed him that they were after, these bold men who had penetrated into the heart of New York, and now were in the midst of their enemies; and the commander of the party was none other than the gallant Hamilton, Washington's adjutant-general.

Colonel Eldred was brought to a realization of the fact when his ward announced her intention of applying for a situation in a young ladies' school.

"You see, Guardy," said she, "it's abso-

lutely necessary to my happiness that bread-and-butter and beefsteak shan't be limited in my daily rations. Others may exist on sentiment and weak tea, but I'm a sound little animal, with a healthy appetite that don't relish namby-pamby edibles. I don't pretend to say I particularly fancy that sort of life—I'd certainly prefer seeing something of society—but beggars must be choosers, and I really can't think of nothing better until my prince comes over the sea."

Colonel Eldred stared at first and remonstrated, but Georgie silenced him with most conventional axioms.

"Of course I couldn't live in your bachelors' establishment, my dear Guardy. It wouldn't be proper, and penniless young ladies are obliged to be very circumspect. If you were married now—"

And with the words came floating through the colonel's mind a shadowy conviction that it was the duty of bachelor guardians to end their charge by marrying their wards. He knit his brows and stared at Georgie, who was a pretty little Gipsy, with puffed hair and pink morning-wrapper—entirely too dainty to assume the arduous task she was proposing.

Well, to shorten the story, the colonel proposed an alternative upon the spot, with a vague idea stirring that he was making a martyr of himself. And Georgie accepted him, arguing that to obtain an indulgent husband, with an elaborate establishment and complete liberty, was better than drilling little girls in rudimentary branches. Thus it came about that Colonel Eldred procured an elderly lady chaperon, and carried his betrothed away to the summer resorts. They did the springs and the mountains, then settled down at Nahant for the six weeks which remained of the fashionable season.

It was here that Georgie was thrown into company with Ned Revere, and became dimly conscious that a husband who is simply kind and attentive, an establishment and liberty, are not quite sufficient to meet a woman's realizations of perfect happiness. She found herself in her dreams haunting a humbler station than her guardian's standing justified, and Ned Revere was the masculine deity who lighted with his presence those lowly halls.

An unwarrantable state of affairs this, but Georgie was fairly snared before she realized her danger.

It was at the hop of the season that the truth burst upon her with such a flood of revealing light, that she shrunk inwardly from the miserable being she saw herself depicted as her guardian's wife.

She was standing near him, awaiting some one who had engaged her hand for a coming dance, flushed with the conscious triumph which the knowledge of looking well and gaining admiration will superinduce. She was flattered too by the perceptible flutter among the fair revelers which followed the movements of her bridegroom-elect; for Colonel Eldred was regarded as an eligible catch in this gay, butterfly world of fashion. That he had been bored was quite evident; such scenes had long since worn off their pristine freshness for the grave man of thirty-seven. He was leaning languidly against a slender flower-wreathed column, alternately watching the dancers and letting his eyes wander away through the vista of opening rooms,

desert, but I enticed him away. In fact, he was a prisoner."

"Can't help that, old cock," said Champe, coldly. "He was all right so long as he didn't get taken prisoner by the Yankees. What a blasted fool he was, anyway. D'y'e think I'd let myself be taken, when I know that I get?"

The officer had a remarkably handsome and intellectual face, and his voice had the clear, precise accents of an educated man, as he said to the sentry:

"My good fellow, we are going to a house

not far from here, and when we come back we shall have several prisoners. If you're off duty before our return, tell the relief will you, so that we may have no trouble."

Colonel Eldred's face lighted with an expression of interest as he leaned forward to touch his youthful betrothed lightly upon the shoulder.

"Look, Georgie—quick! Who is the young lady beneath the arch of the doorway yonder?—the one in something which looks like green sea-waves shining beneath her caps of white foam. You cannot mistake her—the lovely blonde with the face

such a frivolous throng. There, Revere

where a stream of promenaders circled, and admiring groups gathered around some central object of attraction.

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UNLUCKY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

The moon was dark when I was born,
A fact which I long have wondered,
And if I had it well stand,
I'd quite sure I had hundred.
I long have been the sport of fate,
The prey of every wind and weather;
My fortune always has been ill,
And we ne'er traveled well together.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
But I would kick me in the eye hard;
I never had a nice home;
But 'twas the very first to dye hard.
I never knew a pretty girl;
Who hadn't any great big brother;
But when I came to love her well,
She was the first to wed another.

How vain are all ambitions hopes!
And how I wish I was wishing;
I never had a full-grown horse;
Nor any luck when I was fishing.
The ventures I have sent to sea
Have all been lost beneath the billows;
I never loved a tree or flower;
But they were killed by caterpillars.

I've uncared by the score or more,
And the one of them is wealthy;
Aha! it's on 'em that's ill,
And every one of them is healthy!
I never had a linen suit;
To glad me more than any clothing,
And fit me fashionably well;
But in the wash 'twould shrink to nothing!

I never had a hat to fit;
I never had a body suit to fit;
I never had the daintiest friend;
But he was sharp enough to cut me.
I've been well off in life and bounties,
In happiness I've been quite poor;
I put my cash in stocks and bonds,
And got anague quinine can't cure.

I never borrowed any sum
But I always paid it back every penny;
Of pleasure I have had a lot—
My creditors they hadn't any.
I ne'er desired to wed a girl;
But what she thought my wish importunate;
And that's the only thing in life,
I think, in which I have been fortunate.

Wild Bill, the Dead Shot.

BY LAUNCE FOYNTZ.

A young man, mounted on a fine, dark-chestnut mare, and heavily armed, drew rein at the banks of a little stream that ran through the rolling prairies of Iowa, close to the borders of Minnesota, toward the close of the civil war. The time was a perilous one, for the terrible Sioux had been on the war-path all the summer and desolated the frontiers of Minnesota with a ferocity seldom equaled, never exceeded.

And yet the young man seemed to be quite easy in his mind, as he allowed his mare to drink and looked abundantly able to take care of himself. His was a face and figure not often met with, even on the prairie, where nature forms men in the finest of molds. Over six feet in height, rather slender and graceful than heavily built, there was yet a compactness of frame about him that told of great strength and activity. His keen blue eyes shone from under the broad hat, as if it would search the beholder through, and his long, brown, curling hair might have roused envy in many a lady. The heavy revolvers in his girdle, two in number, and the short Sharp's rifle at his back, would have told his name to a trapper of the frontiers, for such was the armament without which William Hitchcock, better known as "Wild Bill," never stirred abroad. Among a class of quick and sure shots, Wild Bill was king, and the marvelous accuracy of his aim had often been proved, to the sorrow of those who ventured to quarrel with the handsome rover.

When the mare had finished drinking, Wild Bill reined her up, and turned his course toward one of the prairie islands, that lay at no great distance. A thin column of smoke was rising from its center, and the borderer threw his rifle to the front and laid it across his knees ready for use, with the caution that never forsook him. He imagined that he was coming to some emigrant camp, and felt some surprise at people traveling in such a disturbed state of the country.

As he approached the island of timber, the sudden clatter of hoofs startled the mare, as a pair of horses, with the harness still hanging about them, dashed out of the bushes, and galloped off toward the smoke. Instantly Wild Bill caught up his rifle.

"Somethin' wrong, by hokey!" he muttered, and galloped after the horses as they tore through the trees.

In a few minutes he gained the other side of the *meadow*, where it was separated from the broad prairie by the little stream, and a gaudy spectacle met his view.

An old man with long gray hair lay on the bank of the stream, with his body half in the water, to all appearance dead, while beyond him stood a large Conestoga wagon all in flames, past which the affrighted steeds were coursing at full speed.

The borderer cast a keen glance around the neighborhood before he spoke a word, and then rode into the water and looked sharply at the dead man.

Dead he was, so now saw as he came nearer, for the water was all red around him, and he perceived the cause to be a small hole close to the old man's heart. Near him, in the water, floated his hat, and Wild Bill stooped from his saddle, and picked it up.

There was a name in the lining, which the borderer read aloud, with a cry of surprise and incredulity.

"Jonathan Sturges! Darn me if that ain't Judge Sturges of Dubuque, as people says has seen a pretty daughter. Gee-hosap-ahpah!"

He galloped up to the wagon and looked carefully at it. All the light tilt was in flames and nearly burned through, but he could see at a glance that the wagon was empty.

"By gosh, they've carried off the girl," he muttered, and immediately turned his horse. A broad, plain trail of many horses was there, leading out of the timber directly west, and at a little distance of the two runaways had stopped, and were curiously looking back at him. Wild Bill noticed that both were handsome, well-conditioned horses, and wondered that they had not been carried off by the Indians. He came to the conclusion that they must have been loose at the time, and too swift for the Indians' horses, if Indians they were who had done this.

"But 'tain't, Injuns as did this," he muttered. "They'd a' scalped the old man. And if it's white men, I'm goin' to ketch 'em."

And without another word he rode off on the trail, at a walk.

The runaways at first seemed inclined to go still further, but when they noticed that he did not increase his pace, they slackened theirs, and finally, when the mare neared

out a welcome to them, both came trotting up within a few yards, when they hovered round her.

Wild Bill took a long look all round him to see that the prairie was clear, and then slung his rifle at his back. He slowly uncoiled the lasso at his saddle-bow, and then, with a dexterous jerk, cast it over the head of the nearest horse, capturing it cleverly. The animal made but little resistance, yielding at once, as soon as it felt the restraining cord tighten, and Wild Bill drew it up close, then he dismounted and took off all the harness from the animal except the headstall. The other horse was even easier to catch, and was treated in the same manner, when the hunter sprang upon him, barebacked, leading the other two horses.

"Now then, if I don't catch ye" he muttered, "it'll be because ye've got flyers."

And away went the daring borderer, single-handed, on the trail of at least twenty horses.

He rode at full speed, sparing nothing of the animals. He knew that when one was exhausted, the next would seem to be perfectly fresh when he mounted it, and he wished to keep his favorite mare untired for the melee he expected.

In this way he rode about two hours on the trail, broad, plain and recent as it was. He knew, from the state of the wagon, that the murderers could not have more than twenty miles start, for wagons burn quickly. And yet it was fully two hours before he saw the game he was after.

Then he described a number of moving dots ahead, which speedily resolved themselves into horsemen at a gallop, and he knew that he was gaining on them.

"Gosh! They must have rid fast," he muttered, as he threw himself off the horse he had been riding, onto the back of the next, without stopping—a feat the more easy as the two were running close together, like sworn comrades.

The effect was at once perceptible in increased speed. The horse relieved from his weight dashed on as fast as the other two, and it speedily became evident that he was gaining fast on the horsemen, who had no such help. Within twenty minutes more they saw him and halted, while a party of

Indians all under four or five years of age go entirely naked. The older boys wear breech-clouts of buffalo-skin, and the girls wrap themselves in robes or blankets.

I never saw an Indian who was naturally deformed, nor have I ever seen one who was an idiot.

"Only in the centers of civilization, the bee-hives of the human race, are the helpless little ones thus smitten. Herbert Spencer describes the British laws as 'those twenty thousand statutes which every Englishman is supposed to know, and which no Englishman does know.' Relentless Nature is like the State. She presumes every man to know her laws; she pardons no one for his ignorance; she inflexibly punishes every disobedience. Nay, severer still, she visits

grieved husband care to wield the lash; but if the whipper draws blood, he loses his own life. The woman is punished in different ways, sometimes killed outright. An American writer saw one chief punish his wife by placing the muzzle of his gun over her crossed feet and firing a bullet through them both.

One of the most interesting of all Indian ceremonies is that of erecting a medicine-lodge. These lodges are for the exclusive use of the medicine-men, prophets and dreamers to hold their deliberations in. They are erected every year, usually the first moon in May; when the whole tribe are assembled at the festival, which ceremonies are continued for seven days. Before the poles are raised the medicine-men select from the multitude a warrior whom they deem qualified to assume the functions of a medicine-chief. The man they select is compelled to serve; no excuse that he can offer will be accepted as valid. He is then taken to a lodge-pole and lashed to one end; an eagle's wing is placed in each hand, and a whistle between his lips. Thus equipped, he is hoisted a distance of forty or fifty feet, until the pole assumes its perpendicularity and is adjusted in its proper place. Raising the first pole is analogous to laying the corner-stone. The first one being hoisted, the requisite number of others are raised into their places, until the whole space is inclosed. They are then covered with green buffalo-hides, descending to within five feet of the ground, the inclosure being left open at the top. About one hundred and twenty hides are generally required for the purpose, and a space is thus obtained capable of holding from seven to eight hundred persons.

When the lodge is completed, the medicine-men and other functionaries assemble

the most distinguished braves within the building for a rehearsal of their achievements, and an enumeration of their *coos*.

Each brave then gives an account of his exploits, and the medicine-chief, exhibiting his marks, pronounces the warrior's statement correct, and confirms it by his record.

This ratification each warrior passes through, and there is seldom any discrepancy between his statement and the record.

These poor people," says he, "are under a dark night in things relating to religion; yet they believe in a God and immortality; without the help of metaphysics; for they say there is a great king who made them, who dwells in a glorious country to the southward of them, and that the souls of the good shall go thither, where they shall live over again."

And it is on the faith of this description that Pope drew up an admirable and well-known picture of the same tradition, that occurs in his *Essay on Man*, and is known to every one.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind,

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;

His bison skin his coat, and his bow his shield;

Yet simple nature to his hope gives

Beyond the cloud-topp'd hills, an humbler heaven;

Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,

Some happier island in the water waste;

Where slaves once more their native bethold,

No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

The Indians are firm in their belief in the doctrine of immortality, and a life beyond this life; yet they can not tell why they believe.

As yet, as is at present; while virtue, patriotism and piety are bleeding at every pore;

while the sweet influence of the heavens seems turned to bitterness, the natural constellations of the zodiac to have been pulled down from their high abodes, and vice, tyranny and atheism to have usurped their places, and from their respective ascendants,

to be breathing mildew and pestilence over the face of the astonished earth; is it to the worn-out traces of tradition, or the dubious fancies of philosophy, that this important doctrine is alone intrusted? a doctrine of equal importance to the red-man and the white, and not more vital to the hopes of man than the justice of the ever-living God.

To the natural man, the Indian, who sees

in stones a sermon; whose litany is the great hand-book of nature; who knows no

chance save heaven's high dome, the vail

is drawn aside; the mysterious truth is en-

graved on pages of adamant, on brook, and

tree, and running water; on every thing he

sees. It tells him in words that can not lie;

that the soul is immortal from its birth;

that the strong and inextinguishable desire

we feel of future being, is the true and na-

tural impulse of a high-born and inex-

tinguishable principle; and that the blow

which prostrates the body and imprisons it

in the grave, gives pinions to the soaring

spirit, and crowns it with freedom and tri-

umph. But this is not all; it tells him, too,

that gross matter itself is not necessarily

corruptible; that the freedom and triumph

of the soul shall hereafter be extanted to

the body; that this corruptible shall put on

incorruption, this mortal immortality, and

the white, and not more vital to the hopes of

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man than the justice of the ever-living God.



WILD BILL, THE DEAD SHOT.

the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation."

Indian women, accustomed to hard labor in the open air, never compel a traveling-party to stop more than three or four hours on the birth of a child. If left behind, they overtake the expedition the same evening or the next day, with the little new-comer strapped on the maternal back. They ride astride like men.

Their lodges, or *tepees*, are conical in form, twelve or fifteen feet high—usually made of buffalo robes with the fur inside, stretched around a circle of poles. These dwellings, ten or twelve feet in diameter, with a hole at the top for the escape of smoke, are warm in winter and cool in summer. The Sibley tent is used in our army is modeled after a Sioux *tepee*.

In front of each lodge is hung the shield and quiver of the warrior. These shields, worn upon the left arm, are covered with antelope-skin or buffalo-hide stuffed with hair, and will usually ward off any rifle-ball which does not strike them perpendicularly. The bows have great force, sometimes throwing an arrow quite through the body of a buffalo. In profoundest peace the Indians maintain all the system and precaution of an army in time of war. The life of the Sioux is simply a bivouac, never a settlement. The savages found on the Atlantic coast by pioneer settlers lived in permanent villages, cultivated corn, were without horses, hunted on foot, and seldom wandered far from home. The Western Indians all travel on horseback, taking their earthly possessions with them. At half an hour's notice they gather up all their goods, their wives and children, and start on a journey of hundreds of miles. Reaching their destination, they are entirely domesticated in another half-hour. They do not till the ground, except in few instances, but live exclusively on fresh meat, which they eat in enormous quantities.

Most of the Indian languages are very easy to acquire, though there are some exceptions.